Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLII. No. 7 MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 15, 1907. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

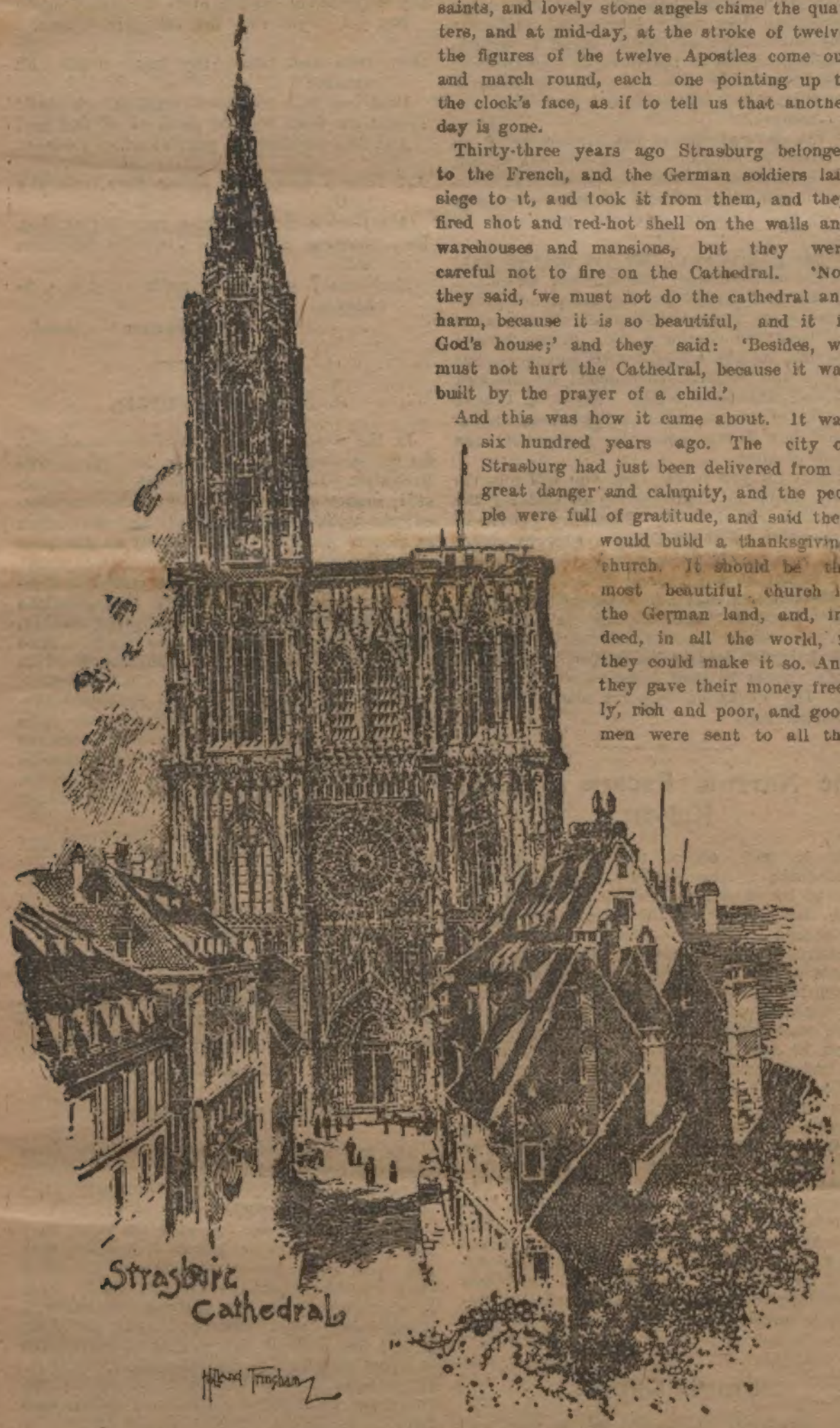
W M Rose 50 81207

How a Child's Prayer Built a Cathedral.

(The Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M. A., in the 'Christian Pictorial.')

'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally.'—James i., 5.

People sometimes say that children are not very wise, that wisdom is found in older heads. I am not quite sure of this myself; I sometimes think that all children are born wise, and that they grow foolish as they grow older. Now I wish to tell you of a child who believed the text, and asked God for wisdom, and got it.



In the country of Germany there is a famous city called Strasburg. It stands close to where the great River Rhine goes rushing and tumbling down to the sea. It is a very old city, for some parts of it were built by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago. And in this city there stands a Cathedral so grand that it would take quite a learned man to describe it, and far more beautiful than any words of mine could tell, and it has in one of its towers the most wonderful clock in the world. Its hands are the figures of saints, and lovely stone angels chime the quarters, and at mid-day, at the stroke of twelve, the figures of the twelve Apostles come out and march round, each one pointing up to the clock's face, as if to tell us that another day is gone.

Thirty-three years ago Strasburg belonged to the French, and the German soldiers laid siege to it, and took it from them, and they fired shot and red-hot shell on the walls and warehouses and mansions, but they were careful not to fire on the Cathedral. 'No,' they said, 'we must not do the cathedral any harm, because it is so beautiful, and it is God's house;' and they said: 'Besides, we must not hurt the Cathedral, because it was built by the prayer of a child.'

And this was how it came about. It was six hundred years ago. The city of Strasburg had just been delivered from a great danger and calamity, and the people were full of gratitude, and said they would build a thanksgiving church. It should be the most beautiful church in the German land, and, indeed, in all the world, if they could make it so. And they gave their money freely, rich and poor, and good men were sent to all the kings and princes and wealthy folk around to beg for the Cathedral, and they came back laden with gold. So there was money enough for the work. And then they brought together clever workmen from all parts who knew how to chisel stone and cut marble into all manner of lovely shapes, and last of all they engaged an architect named Steinbach, who was the most famous master builder in the world.

Steinbach shut himself up in his study to draw a plan; for the plan must be drawn before the workmen could commence to build; and he thought and toiled many a day, and many a night, too, with paper and pen and pencil, but all in vain. He tore up each plan when he had drawn it because it did not please him; it was not half beautiful enough. And he almost lost heart and hope, and felt very much as you feel when you have worked for hours at some very hard sum, and at last fling it down, and say with tears you cannot do it.

Now Steinbach had one daughter, a motherless child, for her mother had died some time before, and, like her father, and like some of you, she was very fond of drawing, and was never so happy as when she had paper before her and a pencil in her hand. And, for a child, she had learned to draw cleverly and well. One night her father, because he had no one else to tell his troubles to, told them to his little daughter—how he wished to draw the plan of the great Cathedral, and could not do it—he was not wise enough, and that he was quite in despair. And the child said: 'Father, have you asked God to give you wisdom?' And he answered, 'No my child; I fear that would do no good.' 'But,' spoke the child again, 'mother used to say God could do everything; and here is a text in the Bible: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally." Had we not better ask Him, father.' So, to please his daughter, he knelt down with her, and the child prayed: 'Dear Lord, my father wants to make a plan for the Cathedral, and he says he is not wise enough; please, God, help him, give him wisdom, for Christ's sake. Amen.' Then they both rose, and the man went off to his study, and thought and pencilled all night, but no plan came; and the child went to her little bed, and fell asleep. But as she slept she dreamed—an angel came to her with paper and pencil, and said: 'My child, I will help you to draw the plan,' and he put the pencil in her hand and guided her hand as she traced line after line, until the work was done, and then the angel went away, and she dreamed no more, but slept quietly until the morning.

Lo! in the morning she found on her little table a sheet of paper, with the plan all drawn and complete. She thought the angel had done it, but if you had been in that room you would have seen the little figure of the child step softly out of bed, and quietly walk to the table and take the pencil in her hand, and you would have seen her draw line after line, though she was asleep all the time. You would have seen everything except the angel, who was there giving wisdom to her mind and guiding her fingers. And so the plan was drawn, and she took it to her father, and said God had sent it. And he started with gladness and surprise, for though it was only a rough outline, such as a child might draw, it gave him just the thought that he wanted, and he said: 'Thank God; this will do, my daughter,' and he drew a larger and more beautiful plan, but like that which the child

had drawn. And the workmen began to build, and the Cathedral rose in all its loveliness and grandeur. And the pious German folk say, and they say quite rightly, that it was built, by the prayer of a child. Remember, then, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and it shall be given him.'

Up Hill to the Barn.

Farmer Holden, an intelligent citizen, a kind neighbor and loving husband and father, had arrived at middle life before he found God. When his interest grew into a half formulated belief, and his belief into certainty, a new life was opened before him that he wanted all his friends to share. For several years he was very active in church and Sunday school work, a help to the pastor and zealous in every good work.

It was noticeable, therefore, when he gave up attending the prayer-meeting regularly and was silent when he did come. At length, when he remained away from church two Sundays in succession, the pastor sought him out in the hay field and said, as he picked up a fork and kept pace with him in picking out the fragrant hay:

'I have come to ask what has come over you to lessen your soul's prosperity?'

For a time the farmer remained silent, and then, pausing to take a breath at the end of the windrow, he said: 'It all began by my happening to think that my barn sets up considerably higher than my house.'

'What can that possibly have to do with it?'

'Well, you see, pastor, when I was converted, and ever since, in fact, until this summer, I made a point every evening of enjoying a season of prayer at the barn, and had always an uplifting sense of spiritual freedom. One night in the spring, as I started out to go to the barn as usual for my devotions, I was confronted with the thought, and I was prompted to say just as I was speaking to someone else, "I am tired; you can pray here just as well; it is uphill to the barn," and, pastor, I was weak enough to kneel there at the turnstile at the foot of the hill. The next night I didn't go quite so far, and it wasn't long before I was making excuses to my sick soul by saying, "I can have my private devotions just as well when I am comfortable in bed," and soon after adopting this plan I dropped off to sleep, forgetting all about it, and for some time now I have ceased praying altogether, and have lost any inclination to meet with God's people.'

'It is just another instance of lost communion with God,' said the pastor, sadly. 'While you daily obeyed the injunction, "Enter into thy closet," your spiritual life prospered. As soon as you were tempted to disobey, and to neglect God in that important particular, your whole spiritual life felt the need of that stimulus, as a plant feels the need of the dews of heaven when wilted. Let us kneel right here and ask for showers of refreshing that your growth in grace may not forever die.'

Farmer (afterwards Deacon) Holden used to relate this experience as often as the church was gladdened by the new converts. 'Don't stumble over the stone that I did,' he said; 'don't make the excuse that it is uphill to the barn, or upstairs to your closet, but every day have your season of communion with God, and he will bless you in proportion as you honor him.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

In the Hospital.

A distinguished surgeon invited a friend, who is a minister, to attend an operation which he was to perform, and the minister accepted the invitation. He had to submit to a series of preliminary washings, for in a hospital cleanliness is godliness. The two men entered the operating-room clad in gowns fresh from the steam steriliser.

The surgeon worked quickly and carefully, tying each artery before it was cut, to save loss of blood, and soon exposed the tumor which confirmed his diagnosis. Thus far there had been complete silence in the room, broken only by the surgeon's occasional quiet call for an instrument or a direction given in a single low word. But now he paused for a moment and pointed out the character of the growth which he was about to remove. Then he asked the minister, 'Who did sin, this woman or her parents, that this disease has come upon her?'

The question was the same which the disciples asked of Jesus concerning the man born blind. The minister replied in a paraphrase of the answer of Jesus:

'Neither did this woman sin nor her parents, but that the words of God should be made manifest in what you are doing for her relief, and perhaps in other ways which we cannot now understand.'

When the operation was over, and the two men were clothed in their ordinary raiment, the doctor said:

'You ministers are fond of attributing all the evil in the world to sin. There is much in a hospital that tends to confirm your theory. In more than half my work I can trace its direct connection. But not always. To-day's case is one where there has been no evil life. And it is in such cases I ask myself the question which I asked of you, for there is a good deal of evil in this world which sin does not account for. And your explanation does not explain it all. In some cases—more than we like to admit —there is no manifestation of the work of God through what we are able to do. We do some remarkable things, but our skill and knowledge are very meagre.'

A few days afterward the surgeon called up his friend by telephone, and asked him to call at the hospital. 'I told the patient,' said he, 'that a ministerial friend of mine was with me at the operation, and she wishes to see you.'

'I was glad to learn that you were present,' said the woman, when the minister called. 'I am sure you prayed for me, and I am grateful for every prayer that is offered for me. I have lived too narrow a life. It has been a good life, as the world counts goodness, but here in the hospital, surrounded by the sick and unfortunate, I realize how little I have thought of others. And I have been asking myself how I can make this experience the means of good.

'I sent for you to ask that you will join me in my prayer of thanksgiving to God for the years now added to my life, and a prayer of consecration of those added years to more kindly and unselfish thought for others.

'It is not so much that I feel condemned for the past, as that I have learned what perhaps I could not have learned in any other way.'

The minister said to the doctor, 'I think the Lord's answer to your question was the right one. The works of God are manifest.'—The 'Christian Age.'

The Narrow Escape of Lord Kelvin.

It is not often that the prosaic discussions in the House of Lords are enlivened by anecdotes, but an exception was made last spring in the recent moving of the second reading of the Weights and Measures (Metric System) Bill. In the course of the discussion, Lord Kelvin cited as an instance of the danger arising from the use of two denominations of weights an experience which befel him many years ago, when he was an officer in the Volunteers. He had occasion to experiment with a rifle, and was told that the weight of powder to be used was 2 1-4 drachms. There was considerable difference between the troy and avoirdupois weights, one being nearly two and a half times as much as the other, but, owing to the resemblance in name of two weights drawn from different tables, he narrowly averted a serious accident. The mistake was discovered in time to prevent the rifle being discharged. Had it been fired it would have exploded and doubtless have deprived the world of one of its foremost scientific men.

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Opportunity.

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wait and rise to fight and win.
Wait not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb,
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say 'I can;'
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou reel from thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's page as white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell;
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

—Boston 'Journal.'

A Short Sermon.

In the winter of 1854 there was much suffering among the poor in New York and Brooklyn. Business was almost at a standstill; money was locked up; manufacture ceased; no work could be found, and starvation seemed to stare in the face many of the poor who knew not what to do.

The mayors of the two cities united in a request to the ministers of all the denominations to preach charity sermons on a given Sunday, and take a collection for the poor. The money was to be given into the hands of a general charity committee for distribution.

On the morning of the day appointed Plymouth Church was packed. Many came from a distance, expecting to hear the famous preacher deliver one of his famous sermons upon a subject attracting so much attention.

After the prayers and hymns, Mr. Beecher rose and said:

'My friends, you are aware that the mayor has requested that all the ministers in Brooklyn preach a charity sermon to-day, and take a collection for the poor. They are God's poor. They are your brothers and sisters. They are starving. Don't give them a crust—give them a loaf! The plates will now be passed.'

The plates were returned overflowing. Mr. Beecher then delivered a regular sermon with no further allusion to the poor.—Selected.

Value of Pictures.

The more people are educated the more they appreciate and value pictures of current events—for they contribute delightfully at a glance to a still further education.

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THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER IX.

When Reuben Stanford, the 'handsome Vet.,' was removed from the 'Netherborough Arms' to his own lodgings on the night of the great banquet, he was all but helpless with drink, excitement, and the sore handling he had brought upon himself in the scuffle that followed his rude and unseasonable 'toast.' The next day he could not leave his bed. Had he even been able, he would not for very shame's sake. His whole system, physical, mental, moral, was taking vengeance on him for yester-night's sin and folly. His head was dull and stupid, and ached so that he felt scarcely sane. His mind and memory were in a daze, and the more he struggled to realize the miserable facts, the more he called himself a coward and a fool.

He vainly tried to take the cup of tea and the slice of dry toast his landlady had supplied him with. Without his knowledge she sent for the doctor, perfectly persuaded in her own mind that her lodger was seriously ill. Had Dr. Marcus Medway been his usual medical attendant, Mrs. Crouch would never have summoned him unless under orders so to do. That notable, or rather, notorious, individual would most certainly have prescribed for him 'a hair of the dog that bit him'—a strange fashion, surely, of treating the rabies of strong drink!

Dr. Julius Preston, a young and clever surgeon, who had but lately taken up his abode in Netherborough, was a man of another spirit. He ordered his patient to bed, put an absolute embargo on alcohol in any form, and gave him to understand that he might be up and about in a day or two if he would do as he was told.

Reuben Stanford was not submissive. He was a refractory patient, and so it came to pass that on the day of the school feast he was 'not at all himself,' to quote his own way of putting it. As he was paying scant attention to the late breakfast Mrs. Crouch had prepared for him, a special messenger came to summon him to Horton Hall. Squire Langley's favorite riding mare had met with an accident, and the presence of the Vet. was instantly required.

'You surely don't think of going, sir, do you?' said his landlady, a motherly body, for whom he had much regard.

'I must go,' he said, beginning at once to attire himself for his journey.

Scarcely had she left the room, fully aware that further entreaty would be vain, than Stanford helped himself to a 'stiffish' glass of brandy and soda, a prescription which he had found useful when he had been 'all to pieces,' as he called it, after special indulgence. He knew that it would 'pull him together,' and bring him up to his normal level for a while. Without pause he swallowed the 'ruinous restorer,' and soon felt himself to be 'quite another man.'

As he paused in the hall to put on his spurs, Mrs. Crouch again appeared, and noting that his hand shook as he buckled the spur-straps to his heel, ventured one more remonstrance.

'Mr. Stanford,' said she, 'I'm sure you ought not to go. Dr. Preston wouldn't let you, if he knew.'

'Dr. Preston couldn't help himself any more than I can,'—then noticing her really anxious face, he continued, 'Don't trouble, Mrs. Crouch. There's no help for it, and, indeed, I feel that a smart ride will do me good. Squire Langley is far too valuable a patron for a young man like me to lose. I'm all right; and if I wasn't,' he continued, with a laugh that had no ring in it, 'needs must, you know, when Old Somebody drives.'

'Old Somebody, as you call him,' said candid Mrs. Crouch, 'hasn't any need to drive you, Mr. Stanford. You gallop his way on your own accord. O, sir! when will you stop?'

'When I get there, I suppose,' he said, half angrily, half despairingly, and turning on his heel repaired to the 'Griffin,' where his horse was stabled. He paused at the door, however, to fling back a kindly look at his anxious landlady, for he had ever a kindly heart. That look became a treasured memory for many and many a day.

In the yard of the 'Griffin' Inn, Reuben Stanford's beautiful black mare stood pawing the ground restlessly, and requiring all the firmness of the ostler's hand to hold it in. Reuben was proud of his steed, and well he might be, for Dark Lady, as he called her, was quite a local celebrity, not only for the uncommon beauty of her form and gait, but for her remarkable powers of speed. There was ever a good understanding between the mare and her master, and it would be hard to say which of them loved the other best.

'Good morning, Marcell,' said Reuben to the landlord, who came out to give him greeting. 'Dark Lady seems rather lively this morning.'

'Why, yes, and small wonder. She hasn't been out of the yard for some days. What's been wrong wi' you?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Reuben, in a tone that implied disgust with the whole subject. 'Seedy, I suppose. I've been confounded queer. Just come and alter this curb for me, my hand shakes.'

'O, we'll soon put all that right,' said Marcell. 'Your nerves just want steadying a bit. You haven't got over the banquet yet, I expect. Ha, ha, ha.'

'Yes, that's about the truth of it,' said Stanford, too vexed with himself to laugh. 'I wish I had been a hundred miles away,' and so saying he threw himself into the saddle with that sort of action that seems designed to come a reckless cropper on the other side. Of all the miserables that ever ask the question, 'Is life worth living?' I think a toper with a conscience after a hard bout of drinking is the man who is most warranted in saying 'No!'

'Stop a minute,' said Marcell, and hasting into the house, he speedily returned with a glass of liquor in his hand.

'Here, Stanford,' said he, 'here's a drop of "special" for you. It's seven years old if it's a day. It's as mild as milk. There's not a headache in a hogshead of it. Drink it off. It'll do you good!'

'It'll do you good.' Take it for all in all, this is probably the most popular lie that the higher civilization, aided by the religion of goodwill to man, as commonly interpreted, has ever yet produced. From the burglar o' nights who proffers a jorum of gin to a 'brother knight of the jimmy, with a big swear to recommend it, to the pious host who proffers a glass of 'red, red wine' to the minister who has just returned from service, and is supposed to need a pick-me-up, 'It'll do you good' is the favorite lie of the classes and the masses in this land of ours. It is the only quack medicine in the world where the doctor and the patient take the physic together, look each other in the face benevolently, and say, 'Your health!'

The handsome animal that Stanford bestrode, as if glad to feel her master's weight, and eager for a scamper, arched her graceful neck, champed her bit, and pawed the ground, longing to be off and away. The ride did Reuben good. He felt better as the milestones passed. As Dark Lady cantered with him over the springy turf, and under the shady elms, and over the undulating slopes of Horton Park; as the music of the birds, and the hum of the bees among the limes, and the pleasant ripple of the beck fell upon his ears; as he bared his head that the balmy summer wind might work in its will among his curly locks, and breathe its grateful incense on his brow; as all the glad possibilities of youth, and strength, and life, crowned with the love of a true woman, rose before him in present vision, the question, 'Is life worth living?' resolved itself into a grand impertinence, the ruling pessimism of a fool. The blood was warm in his veins, the light was bright in his eye, and the exuberant spirit within him found vent in song.

CHAPTER X.

Squire Langley was a man with a hobby, and his hobby was horses and dogs. When matters went well with them, those about him could get on very well with him. If, as on the present occasion, harm should come to any of his four-footed favorites, he raged around like the proverbial bear with the sore head.

'What's amiss, squire?' said Reuben, as he handed the reins of Dark Lady to the groom who was waiting to take charge of her. Squire Langley was striding across the stable-yard; he always did stride when he was in a temper, and always, as now, carried his thick ivory-handled cane on his shoulder, as if it were a spade or a pitch-fork. Whenever it was so hoisted, those who knew him best took care to keep well out of his reach.

'Amiss?' growled the squire. 'Why, that two-legged ass of mine, Ralph Fenwick, 's thrown my riding mare down the bank by Jingleton Gate, and lamed her for life, and spoiled her beauty into the bargain. The confounded idiot.'

'What, Creole?' said Reuben, sympathetically, for he knew the horse and its value. 'What a pity! How did it happen?'

By this time they were at the door of the 'loose-box,' in which the injured animal had been placed.

'Happen!' roared the Squire, flinging wide the door as though he would like to fling it at the head of the offending Fenwick. 'Why, as most accidents of that kind do happen—in these parts at any rate. I gave the fellows a barrel of treble X to drink the health of the new railway—the sodden idiots have been bewitched ever since. I've stopped the tap, but it seems they've turned another on somewhere else. The only comfort I have is that Fenwick is mauled as bad as the mare. He's gotten a face with as many lines and colors on it as there is on a country map, and he won't be able to see out of one of his eyes for a month of Sundays. Serves him right. Now then, mare! Wo, my pet! There, Stanford, what do you think of a sight like that?'

Creole certainly was a pitiful sight to see. Her beautiful hide was filled with dust, and clothed here and there with the mire of the ditch into which she had fallen. It appeared that the squire had seen the mare crawling in limping fashion along the park road, and led by Fenwick, whose zeal on the 'health' of the new railway had lost him his wits. No sooner did that hapless lover of strong beer catch sight of the burly squire striding across the park in his seven-leagued boots, with his cane ominously hoisted to his shoulder, than he took to his heels and ran as if for dear life, leaving the mare behind him. Creole would not allow anyone but Fenwick to handle her, and so the squire would not have her meddled with until the 'vet.' came.

Reuben Stanford, like every man that is a man, had a kindly sympathy for dumb animals, and what is far less usual, had the faculty of almost instant fascination. A few quiet words, a gentle touch, and a little gentle stroking of the nostrils, were sufficient to win from the trembling mare a little whinny of content, and the 'handsome vet.' had her completely at his will. With his own hands he tenderly and carefully washed and smoothed her ruffled coat. Then he set himself to find the seat of injury, that which made the horse dead lame; and all the while the squire

watched him in silent admiration of his dexterity and skill. A severe sprain of the fetlock was evidently the most serious feature of the case; soothing oils were applied, appropriate bandages were employed, and at last the mare gave another whinny of relief and thanks, rubbing her nose against Reuben's cheek to emphasize her gratitude.

'There, squire,' said he, 'I think you'll find that the mare is neither injured for life nor robbed of any of her beauty. I'll just give the groom one or two directions, and in a few days you will find she'll be as right as a trivet.'

'That's all right, then,' said the squire heartily. 'I'm uncommon glad it's no worse,' and in token of his keen satisfaction, his ivory-handled cane was lowered to its normal position, and he turned to go to the hall.

Reuben Stanford, having hunted the groom up, for he, like a sensible fellow, had thought it best to keep out of the squire's way as much as possible, gave him full instructions as to the treatment the mare required, and then made as though he would have mounted his horse and straightway made off home.

'What, man,' said the squire, 'you're not going to rush off in that fashion, are you? Come in with me and have a glass of sherry and a biscuit; I should like to hear of the grand doings you had at Netherborough yesterday—come along.'

Reuben Stanford held back. 'No, thinks, Squire,' said he in a half-hearted fashion, for he felt that he had had quite as much sherry as was good for him for some time to come, and yet his exertions had told on him a bit, and perhaps the proffered sherry would act as a pick-me-up and pull him together again. 'I'm not altogether up to the mark to-day—'

'Nay, nay; hang it man! We'll bring you up to the mark all right. Besides, we must drink success to the new railway—come along.'

Of course he came along, for alcohol saps the moral stamina of its votaries, and robs them of that noblest attribute to manhood, self-control.

The Squire was genial and in his happiest mood, Mrs. Langley was as hospitable as could possibly be, and the sherry was excellent.

'It has been so long in my cellar,' said the Squire, 'that it may well be called venerable. Help yourself, Stanford, let it die, as is fitting of a good old age,' and laughing merrily at his own wit, he pushed the decanter to his 'friend.'

The sun was already painting the western sky with evening splendors, when the 'handsome vet.' remounted his black mare and commenced his homeward journey. This time, however, the fresh air and the pleasant motion of riding did not refresh the hapless rider. Once again he was strongly under the influence of liquor, and had he not been a skilled rider whose horsemanship had become almost automatical, Dark Lady would have been dangerously startled by his unsteadiness. As it was, she was nervous and ill at ease. For some miles, however, the home journey was safely prosecuted; the square squat tower of Netherborough Church was well in view, and Dark Lady's comfortable visions of stable rest drew forth her fine going powers to the full. Reuben Stanford was drowsy, and sat swaying in his saddle; he was bending forward as he rode, and the mare on rounding the last familiar curve threw up her head in wanton wilfulness of pleasure, and drove her rider's hat upon his brow. Reuben Stanford was hot tempered. When he was in his cups he was readily aroused to passion. On the impulse of the moment he brought his short riding whip smartly down on the offending head. Like an arrow from a bow the startled animal shot ahead, and literally bolted from under her unwary rider. Reuben Stanford fell like a log, and the next instant the staring upturned eyes of a dead man were gazing stonily into the evening sky.

(To be Continued.)

A Wonderful Bridge.

The most wonderful bridge in the world is one of solid agate in Arizona. It is a petrified tree, from three to four feet in diameter, spanning a chasm forty feet wide. More than one hundred feet of its length are in sight, both ends being imbedded in the sandstone of the canyon.—The 'Children's Friend.'

Start Right.

The pistol shot rang out, and the race was on. But at the very beginning the man whom many had picked to win stumbled and lost a yard. It was only a yard, but it cost him the race. He didn't start right!

College had opened, the work had begun, but the autumn days wooed the student out of doors. 'I can leave this history till later,' he said; 'I can easily make it up.' And while his fellows worked his days slipped by in idleness.

The time of testing came apace and the student began to see the wasted past. In earnest now, he gave himself to the work, but somehow dates and facts will not stay fixed with a few hour's study, and he failed. He hadn't started right!

His mother got up at 6 o'clock to get his breakfast; he slept until 7. Then he came down, and found fault because the steak was not done just to his taste. He slammed the door behind him as he left the house, and hardly spoke to his best friend as he passed him on the street. He had spoiled the day for his mother, and had hurt his friend.

But that was not all. At the office things did not go just as he would have them, and what he said and did made a young man with whom he had been talking about becoming a Christian say, 'Well, now! I wonder if he really meant it when he said, "Christ does save a man?"' He had not started the day right.

The young man rose from the altar, knowing that Christ had given him a new life, and resolved to be faithful to his new Master. But he did not think it necessary to give up the evening at the rendezvous in the barber shop, and he saw no harm in an occasional game of pool with some of his old friends at the pool-room. Before long, his prayers lost their fervor and availing power, and the struggles of the Bible heroes lost their interest for him.

One day a terrible temptation met him and he yielded, and when he came to himself he was far from home. He got back, but the journey was hard, so hard. He hadn't started out right.

Start right! At the very beginning break with those questionable resorts. When men know you have changed your allegiance, they will honor you for it. Begin every day with a quiet talk with our Master; ask him to guide your life that you will not go where He cannot be with you. Then when temptation comes, turn your back upon it just as soon as it enters; don't argue, don't question. Give it no chance to gain a foothold. Half of the battle lies in the first few minutes of the fight. Start right!—Stanley S. Swortley, in 'Epworth Herald.'

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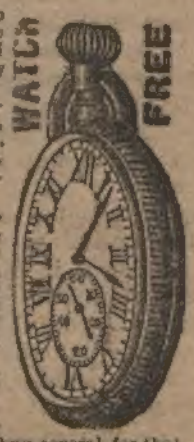

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Search it Out.

Here is an alphabet which will make you study. Get your Bibles and turn to the places. When you have found them, read and remember:—

A was a Monarch who reigned in the East. Esther i., 1.
B was a Chaldee who made a great feast. Daniel v., 1-4.
C was veracious when others told lies. Num. xiii., 30-33.
D was a woman, heroic and wise. Judges iv., 4-14.
E was a refuge, where David spared Saul. I. Sam. xxiv., 1-7.
F was a Roman accuser of Paul. Acts xxvi., 24.
G was a garden, a frequent resort. John xviii., 1-2; Matt. xxvi., 36.
H was a city where David held court. II. Sam. ii., 2.
I was a mocker, a very bad boy. Genesis xxi., 9, and xvi., 11.
J was a city, preferred as a joy. Psalm cxxxvii., 6.
K was the father, whose son was quite tall. I. Sam. ix., 1-2.
L was a proud one who had a great fall. Isaiah xiv., 12.
M was a nephew whose uncle was good. Col. iv., 10; Acts xi., 24.
N was a city long hid where it stood. Zeph. ii., 13.
O was a servant, acknowledged a brother. Philemon i., 16.
P was a Christian, greeting another. II. Tim. iv., 21.
R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice. Acts xii., 13-24.
S was a Sovereign who made a bad choice. I. Kings xi., 4-11.
T was a sea-port, where preaching was long. Acts xx., 6-7.
U was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong. II. Sam, vi., 7.
V was a cast-off and never restored. Esther i., 19.
Z was a ruin with sorrow deplored. Psalm cxxxvii.

—'Daybreak.'

A Sudden Intruder.

The late Professor Henry Drummond, when on a visit to Africa, had a remarkable experience at a religious meeting one day. He wrote of it in a letter to his mother at the time, thus:—At Zomba on the Sabbath we had a service for the natives—the real 'Missionary Record' ('Herald') kind of thing, white men with Bibles under a spreading tree, surrounded by a thick crowd of naked natives. We sang hymns from a hymn book in the native tongue to Scotch psalm tunes, and then spoke through an interpreter. Unfortunately, the service was brought to rather an abrupt conclusion.

I had just finished speaking when a tremendous shriek rose from the crowd, and the congregation dispersed in a panic in every direction. A huge snake had fallen from the tree right into the thick of them! A bomb-shell could not have done its work faster. But no one was hurt, and the beast disappeared like magic beneath some logs.—'Daybreak.'

Pictures.

Many of the full-page pictures in the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be framed—and, indeed, they are well worth it.

A Thought for Every Day.

There's many a thing for you to do,
My lad, if you but knew it,
That's sent to you, and only you—
Don't let another do it.

Don't let another lift the load
Your back was meant to carry;
Don't think your task well done as well
By Tom or Dick or Harry.

Don't say God's work can wait to-day—
'Twill do as well to-morrow;
Don't put your own will always first,
And count His service sorrow.

Don't wait till you are strong and wise—
Trust Him to gauge your burden;
And then at last trust Him, my lad,
To give the well-earned guerdon.

—'Union Signal.'

Sterling Stuff.

One always feels a bit sorry for the boy who has the responsibilities of life thrust on him too early; yet the qualities brought out in the lads of whom Mr. Cozzens writes in his 'Acadia' are worth far more than the careless joy of youth, and the reader feels like taking off his hat to the little fellows. Mr. Cozzens, travelling in Newfoundland, put up for a night at a fisherman's cottage. The host was known by the name of 'Red Cap.'

As we sat down to luncheon two boys came in, one thirteen years of age, one eleven. After modestly shaking hands with the guest, they quietly seated themslves together in a corner of the fireplace. They were dressed in plain, homespun clothes, made something in the manner of a sailor's rig. Their shirts were of neat check, and their shoes old-fashioned, low-quartered and round-toed. It was not usual to see such stocky, robust figures as these fisher lads presented, and indeed over all the hutch there was one pervading idea of cleanliness and careful housewifery.

Each little face, although modest, had its own tale of hardihood to tell. Something of the open sea was written on each countenance, something of courage and endurance, faith and self-reliance, compass and rudder, speaking out plainly under each little thatch of white hair.

As we found out afterward, the faces spoke the truth. These two fisher boys were their father's only crew. In all weathers, in all seasons, by night, by day, the parent and the two children were together on the perilous deep.

'If I were father of those boys,' I whispered to 'Red Cap,' 'I should be proud of them.'

'Would ye?' returned the father, eagerly. 'Well, I thought so once mysel'. It was once when a schooner got ashore out there on the rocks. We could see her just under the lights of the lighthouse, pounding away. By reason of the ice no one would venture to her, so my boys said, said they, "Father, we can go, anyway."

'I wouldn't stop after that, and we got beside the schooner and took off all the crew, they mostly dead with cold. It was an awful bad night, what with the dark and the ice. Yes, they are good boys!'

'The Boy Makes The Man.'

A little negro slave boy on a Southern plantation, one single garment, a coarse flaxen shirt, his only covering; he had never slept in a bed—not he; who his father was he never knew, nor his own age. He once went as far as the school-house door with his little mistress, to carry her books, and had the feeling that 'to get into a school-house and study would be about the same as getting into Paradise.'

After the emancipation proclamation—a boy ten or twelve years of age, working in the salt mines of West Virginia, but with an intense longing for an education; a little later attending a night-school. Again we see him on his way to Hampton Institute (a school for colored people), a distance of five hundred miles, with scarcely any money to buy clothing or pay his fare; sometimes walking and sometimes begging rides, sleeping under the sidewalk or in any shelter he might find, to save his money; reaching Hampton, at last, with just twenty-five cents in his pocket and looking like a worthless tramp.

Later we see him as a student, doing janitor work to help pay his way. Here, for the first time, he ate from a tablecloth, learned the use of napkins, tooth brush and the bath, also of sheets; the first night he slept under them both, and the next night on top of both. At length, graduating with honor, he becomes a teacher; is called back to deliver a post-graduate address, is tendered a reception in Richmond at which two thousand colored people were present, in a hall not far from the place where he slept under the sidewalk. Beloved and respected by both white and black is Booker T. Washington, president of Tuskegee Institute.—Selected.

Discipline.

Sooner or later we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we will discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear that God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school. The Master does not mind that so much for its own sake, for he likes to see his children happy; but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care. But our Master cares. He has a perfectly overwhelming and inexplicable solicitude for our education; and because he loves us he comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us. He may speak very softly and gently or very loudly. Sometimes a look is enough; and we understand it, like Peter, and go out at once and weep bitterly. Sometimes the voice is like the thunderclap startling a summer night. But one thing we may be sure of: the task he sets us to is never measured by our delinquency. The disciple may seem far less than our desert or even to our eye ten times more. But it is not measured by these. It is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his father's home.—Henry Drummond.

Being Neighbors.

(M. MacTavish, in 'Child's Companion.')

Oh, we have such lots of fun,
Bess and Lou and Bob and me,
From the morn till set of sun,
For we're neighbors, don't you see?

In the winter on our sleighs,
Down the hills we swiftly glide,
Or beside the fire's warm blaze,
Watch the shadows leap and hide.

Then in summer, when we four
Get our hoops a-going—my!
Down the road and past the store,
How our hoops and heels do fly!

Do we sometimes quarrel, you say?
Bess and Lou and Bob and me?
Well, not much, we'd rather play,
For we're neighbors, don't you see?

And we learned a text once, too,
'Love your neighbors,' so, you see,
We must loving be and true,
Bess and Bob and Lou and me.

DOWN THE HILLS WE SWIFTLY GLIDE.

A Strong Family.

(By Elizabeth P. Allan, in 'Daybreak.')

'You just ought to feel my muscle, papa,' said Johnny; 'ain't it big and hard?'

The blue blouse and the flannel shirt were pushed up into wrinkles at the shoulder, and a very soft and pink arm presented itself proudly for inspection.

'Pretty good for seven years,' said papa, smiling. 'I hope some day to see you as strong as a family I know, who carry the world on their shoulders.'

'What's their name?' asked Johnny, forgetting his muscle at this first hint of a story.

'Their name is Never,' answered his father, with a queer little wrinkle at each eye-corner, as if a smile was curled up there.

'Never! What a funny name!' exclaimed Johnny. 'What are their other names?'

'Oh, there are a lot of them. There's Mr. Never-drink; he has such clear eyes and such a steady step, you'd know him anywhere; a strong fellow is Mr. Never-drink, always ready to lift his end of the log.

'Another is Mr. Never-swear; you'll know him by the company he keeps, and I suppose he grows strong by not wasting his breath. Then there's Mr. Never-lie, everybody trusts him; and Mr. Never-be-unkind, everybody loves him; and Mr. Never-forget, who loses nothing; and Mr. Never-be-idle, who does the world's work; and Mr. Never-be-discouraged——'

Papa stopped and laughed aloud, for Johnny was in the midst of a big yawn. 'You don't seem to care much about my strong people, Jack,' he said.

'I like stories about real people,' owned Johnny.

'All right. Once there was a little boy who wanted to be very strong—oh, as strong as Samson. So he went to the strongest man on N. Street and asked him how he got so strong and hardy. 'By never touching strong drink,' said the strong man on N. Street. He asked another steady fellow. 'Never swear,' said the man; 'it takes you into low company, where God and men are dishonored.' Another said, 'Never lie. A single lie takes away a man's courage——'

'Who was that little boy, papa?' interrupted Johnny.

'He was that little boy that I want my little boy to be,' answered the father. 'I want him to make friends with the Nevers, because they are the friends of God, and their family motto is, "Thus saith the Lord—Thou shalt not!"'

Running Away.

Where are you going, my little man?
Running away just as fast as you can—
Babies are little, and babies will fall
If babies run fast when babies are small.

O the world is stormy and rough!
You'll find it out, dear, soon enough;
Tender wee feet will be hurt on the road,
Dear little heart will ache under its load.

Stay at home, darling, the world is so cold;
'Twill frown on you, baby, because it is old,
Warm is the home-nest, my brave little man;
Let mother's arms keep you, dear heart, while they can.

—'Australian Spectator.'

The Two Parties.

(Harriet P. Fenton, in the 'Christian Register.')

Betty was giving a tea party. Of course Flo and Grace were to come with their doll babies. An invitation had also been extended to Freddie and Willie Anderson, on condition that they would behave themselves and not 'snatch.' At the last tea party they attended, much to the horror and anxiety of the little mammas and their babies, the two mischievous gentlemen guests clapped food and drink, plate, cup, and all, into their capacious mouths at one stroke. Betty had vowed at the time she would never ask them again. But this time they promised to be good, and had begged so hard to come that Betty finally consented.

The little table looked very fine as it stood in one corner of the cool, wide piazza. It was laid with a frilly white cloth and carefully set with tiny dishes trimmed with gold flowers. One plate was piled high with tiny squares of bread, cut with the wee bread knife. A little pat of butter, round and yellow, filled up the china butter dish.

'Doesn't the salad look lovely!' said Betty to Grace, as she took a final peep into the sugar bowl and cream pitcher. 'We'll set the dolls on this side. Now we can call the boys.'

Up the two boys came, very solemn and very courteous, though their eyes twinkled in such a mischievous way that Betty thought it prudent to hide the chocolate cake behind the shutter until they were ready to eat it. The two gentlemen took the seats designated for them, but found it difficult to comfortably dispose of their long limbs; for, no matter how they sat, their knees were as high as the table. Nothing, however, could exceed the nicety of their table manners. They cut the nut salad up in almost microscopic particles which they chewed for a long time, evidently with a relish. They drank their milk-and-sugar tea in drops, and didn't forget themselves even so far as to lick out the sugar which stuck to the bottom of the cups.

However, they could not resist the temptation of winking at each other now and then across the table, as if they had some secret between them.

When the last crumb was disposed of, and Betty, elated with the success of her tea party, was cordially inviting her guests to come again, Willie nodded toward Freddie, who bowed solemnly and said:

'Mum, we have enjoyed very much what we have just eaten. We are sorry for not eating the right way before, so we invite you to our party in the hut in the garden.'

The girls were so surprised and delighted that they didn't stop to wash the dishes or even to carry their doll babies along with them. In the rush to go poor Samantha Sue fell on the floor on her face, unnoticed.

They all raced out to the hut.

The boys had draped a box with flags, on which there were a pail of iced lemonade, some fine black cherries, raisins, nuts, and pink and white figures made of marshmallow.

In spite of the fact that they had just finished one meal, they ate up all the goodies with relish, until the table was completely cleared except for the lemonade can.

'I think Willie and Freddie are very nice boys,' said Betty an hour later, when, after a game of hide-and-seek in the barn, they had come back to attend to their neglected housekeeping.

'So do I,' affirmed Grace. 'I'm going to give another tea party soon.' And she had one the next day.

Keeping at It.

It had been snowing all night and by morning the snow lay in large drifts before grandma's door. Adolph, who lived next door, arose early and went over to shovel a path from her door to the street. As his shovel was somewhat small, a man passing by asked: 'How do you expect to get through that drift?'

'By keeping at it!' cheerfully exclaimed Adolph. 'That's how.'

This is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or how hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller until it is done.—Selected.

Doll's Patterns for Dolly's Mamma

Just like the big folks have, but so simple. Directions clear and easy to follow.

Diagram to show how to lay pieces on the cloth so as to cut your goods to advantage; made to fit a doll from 12 to 15 inches high, but may be cut off or on to fit almost any size. Three to six garments in each set.

Any mother of little girls will welcome these patterns as a really useful gift. Children's pennies are better saved to buy one of these than spent in sweets.

The cut represents one of these Sets, and gives a good idea of the general make-up of the patterns.

SET I.—Child doll's outdoor suit, with cape and bonnet.

SET II.—Girl doll's outdoor suit, with jacket and muff.

SET IV.—Girl doll's indoor suit, with pinafore.

SET V.—Doll's party dress with cloak.

SET VII.—Infant doll's outdoor suit.

SET VIII.—Infant doll's indoor suit.

Set XI.—Girl doll's sailor suit.

SET XII.—Boy doll's sailor suit.

INFANT DOLL'S OUTDOOR SUIT.

Any one of these sets may be secured by giving carefully the number of the set desired, and adding five cents to any other order sent into this office. Separately, the price must be 10 cents, the same as larger patterns, unless four or more sets are ordered at once, in which case the price is five cents for each set.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Any two sets of these patterns will be sent free to one old subscriber sending in one NEW subscription to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents. If a set chosen is out of stock at the time, we will send the one most like it.

Correspondence

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I live in B., and go to school nearly every day. I am in the fourth grade, and the third book. I like school very much. There are nine girls and five boys in our class. For pets I have a maltese kitten and a black and white cat. The answer to Arthur Parker's first riddle is 'Bald people's houses because their locks are few.' And the answer to Frank Hodd's third riddle is 'Because we must all give it up.'

KATHLEEN STANDING.

B., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live just a little way from the bank of the Magaguadavic River. This is quite a pretty place in summer; lots of people come here to fish, and to hunt in the a week, because the storm is awful here. The trains that should get in at one o'clock, don't get here till four and five o'clock. I am writing to you in school, and my arm is getting kind of tired now.

CLARENCE BEDDOME.

D. S., Quebec.

Dear Editor,—It is now two years since I first read the 'Messenger,' and I have been interested in it ever since. I came out from England two years ago. Most of that time was spent in the rapidly growing township of Finch. My first 'Messenger' was given to me in Sunday School, and at first I paid little interest to the 'Correspondence Page,' always making straight for the stories. It was an old lady friend who drew my attention to the aforesaid page, telling me that little girls and boys from all over the country wrote letters to it, and at the same time extending me an invitation to do the same, but such an idea much. As soon as the mail comes I take the paper and turn to the Correspondence page.

I live on a farm in the country. Our nearest town is about ten miles distant. We have been having very stormy weather, and the snow is pretty deep. I go to school in the summer, but have not started yet this winter. The school is about two miles away. I will close with a few riddles:—

1. Why is a thief upstairs beating his wife, like an honest man?
2. When is a bill like a gun?
3. Why must a magistrate be cold and chilly?

ARTHUR KILLOUGH.

U. P., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I go to school every day, and am in the third book. I have taken six quarters of music lessons. My sister and I play duets together. We have not had much skating yet. I do not skate yet, but I slide. I am reading 'Little Women,' written by L. M. Alcott. I like it very much.

A LITTLE COUNTRY MAIDEN.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Narrow Escape.' Alfred J. Dukes (aged 12), U., Ont.
2. 'White Swan.' Clarence E. Beddome (aged 10), M., Man.
3. 'Our Pony "Prince."' Fred H. Taylor (aged 10), G. H., N'fl'd.
4. 'Beet.' Eric McBain (aged 10), A., Ont.
5. 'Looking Glass.' Hilda McKnight (aged 9), C. B., Ont.
6. 'A Fox.' May Kerr (aged 9), Que.
7. 'A Basket.' Gladys T. (aged 9), K., N.S.
8. 'The Village by the Sea.' Edna Maude Bowden (aged 11), M., P.Q.
9. 'Autumn.' R. C. Farmer, S., Ont.
10. 'A Church.' R. H. D. (aged 10), S., Ont.
11. 'Our House.' Ivor Hammel (aged 11), A., Man.
12. 'A Little Sailor.' Thomas Mitton, S. M., N.B.

OTHER LETTERS.

Laura L. Rose, M. D., N.S., answers a large number of riddles correctly. Several of the answers have, however, since been printed. These are some of the answers:—To N. F. McK's second question, 'Because it is always in time'; to Hazel Barton's second, 'Because he's been to see (sea)'; to Ralph Crosby's second, 'A hole'; to Jeanetta M. Ferguson's, 'Use Roman numerals'; to Luella McCalpin's first, 'The Moon'; second, 'A Tanner.' This is a rebus she sends: If the B m t put. if the B. The 'Messenger' has been in Laura"s home for over twenty years.

Thomas Mitton, S. M., N.B., sends in three riddles, but he forgot to enclose the answers. We hope the whooping cough has gone by now, Thomas, and the school in good running order.

F. M., C., Ont., sends two riddles, and an answer to one which has, however, since been given.

D. B., Coldwater, Ont., is a new member from whom we are glad to hear. She sends a number of riddles, but they have all been asked before.

Marjory Mackenzie, F., Ont., gives several answers that have since been printed, and the answer to Hannie Crowell's question, 'because they are both prized for their flower (flour).'

James Tees, H., Ont., answers Frank Hood's riddle: 'When it is sat in,' and asks, What smells most in a drug store?'

Rica McLean, T., Ont., answers C. Harrison's riddle—'a looking glass.'

Tracey Logan, W., Man., asks three riddles, that have, however, been asked, and his sister Grace's riddles have shared the same fate.

Gladys J. Lawrence, C., Ont., forgot to enclose the answers to her riddles.

Lewis W. Kelly, C., N.S., and his brother Forrest, write nice little letters. They live on a farm, and enjoy it.

Raleigh E. McLaren, G., B.C., has 'two gold fish and a canary' for pets.

Gladys Turner, K., Ont., has her grandma and grandpa staying at her home for the winter. Your riddles have been asked, Gladys.

Louise McLellan, G. V., N. S., also sends a riddle that has been asked. Your drawing will be given later, Louise.

Mary Alma Decker, C., Ont., also sends a picture that will be in at some time soon.

We also received short letters from Rachel H. Henderson, B. M., Que.; Archie McIntyre, A. C., Que.; Eva Bonskill, S., Man.; and Alma Briggs, L. S., N.B.

fall. I have three sisters and one brother; two of my sisters are older than I am, and the other one is younger. My brother is younger than I am, too. One of my sisters is a school teacher, and another is studying for a stenographer.

We keep the post-office. There is a church and a school-house here, just about three minutes' walk away. We expect to get the telephone run through here this summer.

TENAH L.

G. H., N'fl'd.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. I go to school every day when I am well, but now I am sick, and have got to stay in the house for a long time. I am missing a lot of fun, as there is good sleighing. It has been very cold lately. We had a storm on Jan. 16—high wind and heavy sea—carrying away wharves and punts. I live close by the sea shore. This is the first letter I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' About the only letters I write are to my brother, who is in London, England, studying medicine.

FRED H. TAYLOR.

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter. I go to school, and am in the fourth book. I live in a town. My father is a traveller, but he hasn't gone away for about seemed incredible, as no one in England that I knew had ever done the like, and I was not used to the ways of the Canadians just yet. But after that I always read the letters, and now I enjoy them as much as any one. The Canadian winters seemed very severe at first, though I am about used to them now (this is only my third).

I have lived at D. S., for nearly two weeks now, and I am getting quite fond of the place already. A gentleman friend of my auntie's promised to bring me a hen, which I shall 'set' when the time (and the hen) come, and perhaps I shall have a little family to tell you about next time I write.

KATIE M. FRASER (aged 14).

K., Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, twelve years old. I live on a farm in Iowa. I am a cousin to Irene Tully, although I live in the States. I will answer one of Irene's riddles. Why is the 'Messenger' like an old carpet? Because it is hard to beat. I will also send a riddle. Why is a dead hen better than a live one?

RAY PUTTS.

P., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I have four sisters and one brother, but I am the eldest. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for over two years, and like it very

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

How the Question Came Home

In the dusk of a summer evening
I rocked my child to rest;
Then sat and mused, with my darling
Still folded to my breast.

His ringlets swept my shoulder,
His breath was on my cheek,
And I kissed his dimpled fingers,
With a love I could not speak.

A form came through the gateway,
And up the garden walk—
And my neighbor sat down, as often,
To have an evening talk.

She saw me caress my baby
With almost reverent touch,
And she shook her gray head gravely:
'You love that boy too much!'

'That cannot be,' I answered,
'While I love our Father more;
He smiles on a mother's rapture
O'er the baby that she bore.'

For a while we both sat silent,
In the twilight's deeper gray;
Then she said, 'I believe that baby
Grows lovelier every day.

'And I suppose that the reason
I feel so drawn to him,
Is because he reminds me strangely
Of my own little baby, Jim.'

My heart stood still a moment
With a horror I dared not show,
While the trembling voice beside me
Went on in accents low:

'Just the same high, white forehead,
And rings of shining hair,
And a smile of artless mischief
I have seen my Jamie wear.

'And I've sometimes thought—well, Mary,
The feeling perhaps you guess—
That my trouble would now be lighter
Had I loved my baby less.'

My neighbor rose abruptly,
And left me in the gloom,
But the sob of a broken spirit
Was echoing in the room.

And when the lamp was lighted,
I knelt on my baby's bed;
And wept o'er the noble forehead
And the ringlet-crowned head;

For I thought of the bloated visage,
And the matted hair of him
Whom all the village children
Knew only as 'Drunken Jim.'

And my heart cried out, 'O Father,
Spare me that bitter cup!
And destroy the liquor-traffic
Before my boy grows up.'

—'Temperance Cause.'

Drink and Worry.

It is the patronage of the rum shop far more often than it is the low wage that spells squalor in homes, heartbreaks for wives and every woe for the helpless and dependent. Hence come rags, hence comes desolation, hence comes every form of brutality, vice and crime that disgraces humanity. Few wives are beaten, few homes are turned into hells because of hard work and low wages; it is the drink evil, which wields the whip and brings in the hell. There is no taskmaster who drives so cruelly as he, or lays on so heavy a lash. Much hard labor, both in its character and in its rewards, may be akin to slavery, but there is no bondage so galling, no servitude which exacts so little, as the slavery of strong drink. Among all other good and true aims set before them, let the trade unions declare an unalterable and deadly enmity to the drink traffic, and they will achieve a larger good for workingmen than in all other efforts to which they can put their hearts and hands. Boycott the saloon, order a general strike along the line, and there will be a result in the homes and by the firesides of the world's toilers that will rejoice and bless humanity.—'Leslie's Weekly.'

A Keg or a Car, Which?

(By the Rev. E. Penn Lyman.)

'It makes me laugh,' said Dave Sinclair,
'To hear the fellows shout
That liquor sales will be increased
When license is knocked out.

'They say they'll introduce "blind pigs,"
And sell it on the sly,
And any one can get the stuff
That has the cash to buy.

'I used to run a railroad train
In prohibition days;
We'd sometimes haul a keg or two,
Which "niggers" sneaked away.

'But when the license introduced
The self-respecting bar,
Instead of hauling by the keg,
We hauled it by the car.'

The above witty poem, by Brother Lyman, is based upon actual fact. Mr. Sinclair was a conductor upon the Milwaukee line, and his testimony furnished the basis for this little poem. The occasion for it is the oft-repeated, though foolish, declaration that more liquor is sold without saloons than with.—South Dakota Anti-Saloon Issue.

Fatal Bullet in Seven.

There is a legend of a German huntsman who, after long and wearying attempts to bring the game down which still eluded him, sought the assistance of a wizard. The wizard forged in the furnace of the black art seven conical bullets, and gave them to the hunter, saying:—

'Six bullets are yours, and one is mine. Any one of the six will certainly kill whatever you fire at, but the seventh will rebound and kill you. Six are yours, and one is mine; but I shall not tell you which one.'

Who would load his gun with bullets like these? A fool. Such a fool is the user of the wine-cup that has rebounded and killed times without number.

Oh! the folly of meddling with strong drink! Oh! the danger of seeking a stimulant in the poison of alcohol! Teach me to 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.'—'League Journal.'

Who Paid for Her Hat?

'Papa, will you please give me fifty cents for my spring hat? 'Most of the academy girls have theirs.' 'No, May; I can't spare the money.'

The request was persuasively made by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was preparing for school one fine spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and, being hail fellow well met, he invited him into Mac's for a drink.

As usual there were others there, and the man that could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat treated the crowd. When about to leave he laid a half-dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drinks. Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and, going behind the bar, said: 'Papa, I want fifty cents for my spring hat.' 'All right,' said the dealer, and, taking the half-dollar from the counter, he handed it to the girl, who departed smiling.

May's father seemed dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself: 'I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop.'—Selected.

Slaying Whiskey.

Three Indians in the vicinity of Green Bay once became converted to the temperance cause, although previously given to much drink.

Three white men formed the resolution of trying their Indian sincerity. Placing a canteen of whiskey in their path, they hid themselves in the bushes, to observe the motions of the red men.

The first recognized his old acquaintance with an 'Ugh!' and, making a high step, passed on. The second laughed, saying, 'Me know you!' and walked around. The last drew his tomahawk, and dashed the canteen to pieces, saying, 'Ugh! You conquer me—now I conquer you!'—'Temperance League Journal.'

Ingenious Temperance Devices.

Temperance people are very active just now in securing fresh devices and novel means of bringing the claims of total abstinence before the public. The Band of Hope boys and girls of Sheffield took part recently in a striking temperance spectacle which greatly impressed the inhabitants of the home of the steel industry.

The streets were paraded by a large number of boys and girls who were pledged to further the temperance cause. Some of the youngsters had made a representation of a beautiful crystal fountain; others had devised a great jug, bottle, and glass; whilst many bore messages telling of the danger of indulgence in strong drink.—'League Journal.'

'Canadian Pictorial' Contents for February

The cover for February, printed in a deep blue tone, will show one of the famous hockey players of Canada who has been chosen to represent the sport on the ice which is so popular at this season. In the series of Canadian public men, the energetic Postmaster-General, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, is pictured. The result of the Sovereign Photo Contest is announced, and the prize-winning picture and two pages of other photographic gems to which honorable mention has been awarded are reproduced. They form a photographic album in themselves, being the cream of the 157 entries received. The Scottish railway disaster, caused by the unusually heavy snowfall, is graphically pictured. The remarkable scenes in connection with the conflict between church and state in France are very striking. Royalty is represented by pictures of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The Canadian pictures include some of the majestic solitudes of the Rockies, a winter night, a real bounce, tobogganing, and a hunter's camp up the Rideau. There are timely pictures of the dead Shah of Persia, an international football match, and Sanscrit manuscripts. In the Woman's Section there are illustrated articles on 'Carmen Sylva,' the poet-queen of Roumania; Mrs. Lemieux, wife of the Canadian Postmaster-General; Fashions of the Month, and St. Valentine's day. There are, in addition, the usual news features, paragraphs in lighter vein, etc.

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LESSON.—FEBRUARY 24, 1907

God's Covenant With Abraham.

Gen. xv., 1, 4-16. Memory verses, 5, 6. Read Gen. 15-17.

Golden Text.

He believed in the Lord; and he counted it to Him for righteousness. Gen. xv., 6.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 18.—Gen. xv., 1-16.
Tuesday, Feb. 19.—Gen. xvii., 1-22.
Wednesday, Feb. 20.—Ex. vi, 1-13.
Thursday, Feb. 21.—Num. xxiv., 3-19.
Friday, Feb. 22.—Ps. cv., 1-15.
Saturday, Feb. 23.—Rom. iv.,(1-18.
Sunday, Feb. 24.—Heb. viii., 1-13.

(For the Junior Classes.)

Who knows what a promise is? Of course you all do, but can anyone describe it? Suppose I handed this book to you, Fred, and said, 'Here, Fred, is a hymn book for you.' Would that be a promise? Well, if I said instead, 'I will give it to you next Sunday,' that would be a promise, and Fred would expect to get it. We have to trust a great many promises in this world. This, for instance (showing a dollar bill). How much is this worth? You all say 'a dollar,' but it really is not. It is only a piece of paper worth almost nothing in itself, then why do you say it is worth a dollar? It's the promise on it. 'The Dominion of Canada will pay to bearer the sum of One Dollar,' it says, and there isn't one of you here but will believe it and be quite as well satisfied if I give you this promise as you would if it were real gold. Here's a twig I broke off a tree outside. What are all these little lumps on it? Leaves, you say, or buds that would have leaves if they had remained on the tree. Are you perfectly sure? Yes, there isn't a doubt in anyone's mind about that. All these little brown lumps on the trees are going to grow out into beautiful broad green leaves, but they are only promises now. These are some of God's promises, and there are very many such promises about us on all sides if we only had time to speak about them. We want to-day to speak about a special kind of promise that is mentioned in the name of our lesson to-day, a covenant. You all know well what 'a promise' is, now let us think awhile about 'a covenant.' Robbie, your elder brother Jack knows a good deal more about arithmetic than you do. Suppose he should say, 'Well, Rob, I'm gong to help you with your arithmetic every night,' that would be 'a promise' worth having, but instead of this he might say, 'Look here, Rob, I'll help you with your arithmetic every night if you'll carry in the wood for the kitchen stove'—Rob would think awhile and then if he agreed that would be 'a covenant.' You see it takes one person to make a promise, but when two people promise each other something, that, we call a covenant. We have been studying about Abraham, a man of whom, as our Golden Text reads, it is said that 'he believed God.' Connect this lesson with the others by telling of God's promises to Abraham and how he trusted God's words. Go through the lesson briefly, but for the younger children it will be more interesting to talk of some of God's promises and covenants in which we all have a share. The Golden Text is a good starting point for this.

(For the Seniors.)

Keep in mind always the continuity of the lessons and cover, even though very briefly, the ground between the last lesson and this. After Abram's separation from the last tie with his old home associations in the departure of Lot, God again assured him of his help and presence. (Gen. xiii., 14-18.)

The whole of the fourteenth chapter is of large interest historically and otherwise, and is a great temptation to digress. It must be referred to, however, to explain the opening phrase of the lesson, 'After these things.' Recent archaeoligical research has added greatly to the interest of some of the old names mentioned in this chapter, but too much time must not be given to these subjects. There is a suggestion in the first verse that Abram may have been depressed. He had rescued his nephew Lot from danger, only to have him return to his former life. He might well have feared the return with yet larger forces of the powerful kings he had defeated. Years had passed, he had suffered famine and the loss of friends, and was yet a wanderer in the land which God had promised him. Moreover, he was becoming an old man, and had no children in whom these promises might be fulfilled. There is little wonder that he should ask some tangible, definite, sign of his hopes being really sent from God (verse 8). This is not a lack of faith, and God does not rebuke it as such. Rather he readily grants him the sign in a visible symbol of their mutual agreement. Verse 6 states without a reservation the reality of Abram's faith. God's promise was of a future blessing won through trouble and suffering, with the certainty of his present care and guidance.

SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S GUIDE.

Abram saw in God the Friend of men, whereas the law set Him forth, or was understood to set Him forth, as their Ruler to whom they must pay tribute, or as an austere Judge whose anger must be appeased by offering and sacrifice. So profoundly did this conception of the Divine Nature enter into and mould his creed and conduct, and so deep was the impression it left on his followers, that to this day Abraham is known as 'the friend of God.' So familiar is this title in myriads on myriads of minds that almost every Arab, almost every Mohammedan, indeed, abbreviates it, and will think you strangely ignorant and unlettered if, when he speaks simply of 'the Friend,' you do not at once take him to mean Abraham, the friend of God.—Samuel Cox, in 'Expositor.'

Can you venture to say that you are a friend of God? If you can not, what are you? Our relations to men admit of our dividing them into three parts—friends, enemies, nothings. We may love, we may hate, we may be absolutely indifferent and ignorant. I am afraid the three states can not be transferred exactly to our relations to God. If not His friend, what are you? All friendship here has its limits, its changes, its ends. God's is boundless, immutable, eternal. —Alexander Maclaren, 'Triumphant Certainties.'

It was a custom with those who entered into covenant with each other to take a heifer and cut it in two, and then the contracting parties passed between the pieces. For whatever purpose a covenant was made, it was ratified by a sacrifice offered to God; and the passing between the divided parts of the victim appears to have signified that each agreed, if he broke his engagement, to submit to the punishment of being cut asunder; which we find from Matt. xxiv., 51; Luke xi., 46, was an ancient mode of punishment.—Clarke.

To be sure of God, most wise, most mighty, most holy, most loving, our Father in Heaven and on earth, to be sure of Christ, divine and human, our Brother and our Master, the Pattern of excellence and the Redeemer from sin, the Saviour of all who trust in Him; to be sure of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Guide, the Purifier, given to all who ask for Him; to be sure of immortality, an endless life in which nothing can separate us from the love of God,—let us concentrate our faith on these things.—Henry van Dyke.

To believe, not because we are learned and can prove, but because there is something in us, even God's own Spirit, which makes us feel light as light and truth as truth,—this is the Blessed Faith.—F. W. Robertson.

FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.'

Hammurabi, king of Persia, whose monument was found at Susa a few years ago, was a contemporary of Abraham. He was the Amraphael of chapter 14. The name of Chedorlaomar, who led the expedition against Sodom, has been found on a tablet of Hammurabi.—Hastings' 'Bible Dictionary.' Bricks with his name are now in the British Museum, and 'Salem' is found on the Tel-el-Amarna tablets.

Abraham was a hero long before this, a moral hero, the highest kind of hero, on several other occasions, but this act brought his heroism into clearer knowledge. Great men are developed by great occasions. We do not know what is in ourselves or in others till the occasions for manifesting it arise. The only way is to be faithful and true all the time.

F. B. Meyer calls attention to the fact that in this chapter occur for the first time in Scripture four striking passages.

1. The word of the Lord came. 'Repeated thereafter with many charming variations.'

2. Fear not. 'For the first time rings out this silver chime of divine assurance.'

3. I am thy shield.

4. (V. 6) Believed. 'Now we first meet in human history that great, that mighty word "BELIEVED."'

The cutting up of the carcasses and passing between the pieces was one of the customary forms of contract. It was one of the many devices men have fallen upon to make sure of one another's word. That God should condescend to adopt these modes of pledging himself to men is significant testimony to his love; a love so resolved on accomplishing the good of men that it resents no slowness of faith and accommodates itself to unworthy suspicions.'—Dods.

'As the missionary learns the barbaric dialect, and lays aside his own better and purer language to talk to the Bushmen in their own gutterals, so God for the time being adopts the language which Abram can best understand.'—Abbott.

God did not cease with Abraham to give signs and symbols in aid of faith. Jesus taught truths continually by means of nature, so that everywhere in nature we have signs of God's truth and promises. The prophets of old did the same. Then we have signs far beyond what Abraham had. We have the experiences of God's people for 4,000 years. We have miracles of conversion. We have the facts of God's guidance. We have instances of God's deliverance. We have all that Christianity has done for individuals and for the world to assure us that he is living and able to help in every time of need. We have baptism and the Lord's Supper for perpetual memorials.

And he believed in the Lord. 'Neither Greek nor German, much less Latin or English, can furnish any full equivalent to the meaning of these words. He was supported, he was built up, he reposed as a child in its mother's arms (such seems the force of the Hebrew word), in the strength of God, whom he did not see, more than in the giant empires of earth, and the bright lights of heaven, or the claims of tribe and kindred, which were always before him.'—Stanley.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Gal. iii., 29; Rom. ii., 28, 29; Psa. ciii., 17, 18; II. Pet. i., 4; Heb. xi., 6; Psa. iii., 3; lxxxiv., 11, 12; Isa. xli., 10; Rom. iv., 20-24.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 24.—Foreign missions: The Kingdom in the Islands. Isa. xlii., 10-13, 16-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

MISSIONS.

Monday, Feb. 18.—The earth is the Lord's. —Ps. xxiv., 1, 2.

Tuesday, Feb. 19.—He is king over all.—Ps. xlvii., 2, 3.

Wednesday, Feb. 20.—The mighty God.—Ps. l., 1.

Thursday, Feb. 21.—All nations shall serve Him. Ps. lxxii., 11-15.

Friday, Feb. 22.—Many nations. Zeech. ii., 11.

Saturday, Feb. 23.— The promise. Ps. xxii., 27.

Sunday, Feb. 24.—Topic—The world for Christ. Ps. ii., 8.

HOUSEHOLD.

Do the Best You Can.

(Eben E. Rexford, in 'Golden Days.')

What use to frown when things go wrong?
  A frown won't set them right,
Be brave of heart, and sing a song
  To make the burden light.
That this is true I quite believe:
  He is the wisest man
Who sings when care and trouble come,
  And does the best he can.

The man who broods o'er trouble finds
  His burdens heavier grow,
As he climbs up the hill of life,
  The wise man does not so.
He gathers flowers beside the way;
  He says to fellow-man:
'Let's make the most of pleasant things,
  And—do the best we can.'

In thinking of another's need,
  We oft forget our own;
So let us think of others more—
  Not of ourselves alone.
Keep up a brave and cheerful heart,
  'Tis aye the wisest plan
To sing when care and trouble come,
  And—do the best you can.

Peace, Obedience, Faith.

John Ruskin, in counting up the blessings of his childhood, reckoned these three for first good: Peace. He had been taught the meaning of peace in thought, act and word; had never heard father's or mother's voice once raised in any dispute, nor seen an angry glance in the eyes of either, nor had ever seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter. Next to this he estimated Obedience; he obeyed a word or lifted finger of father or mother as a ship her helm, without an idea of resistance. And, lastly, Faith; nothing was ever promised him that was not given; nothing ever threatened him that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told him that was not true.—Hurlburt.

Full Hands.

It is sympathy rather than wealth that bears the world's burdens, and generous self-sacrifice is a virtue that may flourish among the poorest. A touching illustration of this truth came to the knowledge of a lady who left her address at a free employment office and asked that a woman who could do housecleaning be sent to her. The next day a small, tired-looking woman came.

'You don't look strong enough for such hard work as I want done,' said the lady.

'Well, I ain't over and above strong,' was the reply, 'but I'll try to do the work well if you'll let me. I need the pay very much.'

'Do you have a family to support?'

A ghost of a smile hovered around the other's lips.

'I should say I had,' she answered. 'That is, my husband and I together have. He's working on half-time now, and he don't make but seven dollars a week, and my hands are so full I ain't been able to go out but two or three days a week, and we've nine in the family.'

'Then you have seven children?'

'No, only four; but we had to take in an old aunt of my husband's, or let her go to the poorhouse, and my husband went and saw just how she'd be situated if they took her there, and he said she shouldn't go a step.

'You see, she took him in when his mother died, and cared for him as if he'd been her own child, and he ain't forgot it. She's nearly blind and almost helpless, but she tries to be as little trouble as she can.

'Then my mother lives with us, because she's no other place. It'd kill mother to go to the poor-house, and she's not going while I live, if all of us have to live in one room. We've only four rooms now, and of course we're awful crowded; but we don't complain so long's we can have mother.'

'That makes eight. Who is the ninth?'

'Well, it's a little crippled child of my husband's sister. She and I were just like born sisters, and almost her last words to me were, "Jennie, don't let anybody take my baby away," and I said I would not. It's father is dead, too, and I couldn't see the poor little crippled thing going off among strangers; and Jim, my husband, he says, "We'll make room for it somehow, Jennie," and so we have.

'It's got a spinal trouble and can't stand, and never will; and it has awful bad nights, so I have to be up with it half the time; but I always say to myself, "Poor little thing! It's harder for it than it is for me," and I try to be patient with it.

'Then I've a baby of my own, less than a year old, that's real fretful, so you see that Jim and I have our hands full, ma'am.'

'Your hearts are full,' said the lady with tears in her eyes; 'full of that which, if everybody had it, would make this world Heaven.'
—J. L. Harbour, in 'Youth's Companion.'

The Foot-bath.

The foot bath is often a source of great relief and comfort to a sick person and everyone who is likely to have charge of the sick at any time should learn how to give this bath in bed with the least tax and worry to the patient.

Here is a good way: Cover over the lower half of the bed with a large piece of oil-cloth (and said piece of oil-cloth no housewife should ever allow herself to be found without); then place a foot-tub with a small amount of water of medium temperature in the bed. Have the patient lie on the back, and flexing the knees place the feet in the tub; the knees can be supported if necessary by an attendant. Cover the tub and knees with an old blanket, having placed a board over the tub to keep the blanket out of the water.

The patient can now lie there and thoroughly enjoy his bath. The water can be heated from time to time by adding more hot water. At the close of the bath cool the water to 100 degrees; lift the feet out into towels and dry them.— 'Journal Hygeo-Therapy.'

My Work.

Let me do my work from day to day,
  In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
  In roaming market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
  'This is my work, my blessing, not my doom,
  Of all who live, I am the only one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Selected Recipes.

ECONOMICAL PLUM PUDDING—WITHOUT EGGS.—Cream one-third of a cup of butter with a cupful of light brown sugar, add three-quarters of a cupful of sour milk, a half teaspoonful of baking soda, a half teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice, one-half cupful of raisins (dredged with flour) and two heaping cups of flour, to which a pinch of baking soda has been added. Bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

ORANGE CREAM CAKE.—Make a plain cake with two eggs, one cup sugar, one large tablespoonful of butter, half cup of milk or water, one teaspoonful baking powder, and one and three-fourths cups of sifted flour. Bake in a long biscuit pan. When done and cold enough, split in half, fill with orange cream and cover the top with sections of orange arranged in rows or like spokes of wheels. Ice over with boiled icing. If preferred, the orange sections may be placed on top of icing.

SPICED RAISINS.—These are nice to serve with cold sliced tongue or boiled ham. Make a syrup of two pounds light brown sugar, a pint of vinegar, and teaspoonful of cloves and cinnamon. Tie in a bag. When it boils skim carefully and pour over two pounds of finest

A Brief Summary of Premium Offers

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KEEP THIS TABLE FOR REFERENCE.

selected raisins on the stem and simmer for an hour, or let them stand until the second day, then reheat the syrup, put in the raisins, and let them stand where they will keep just below boiling point until the raisins are plump and tender, then seal up in glass jars. Omit the spices if you prefer a more delicate pickle. Prunes make a good pickle if soaked as for stewing, then drained and slowly cooked in the spiced syrup as directed above.—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

FISH SOUP.—Nearly any kind of fish can be used for this, but halibut or cod is best. Two pounds will be needed. Plunge the fish into enough boiling water to cover it, and boil fifteen minutes. Drain carefully, saving the liquor, which should be measured and returned to the saucepan. Add to the liquor an equal quantity of milk, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, salt and pepper to taste. Pick the fish from the bones, break it in small pieces, and drop it into the liquor. Boil up, and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth in cold milk. Boil up again and pour while boiling into the soup tureen, into which lemon has been previously sliced. Serve very hot; a little chopped parsley may be sprinkled over it.

For the Busy Mother.

Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the model below on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.

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One of the principal garments of the small child's wardrobe is the apron. This design is very simple for the home sewer, and will be quite an addition to the autumn school supply. The front and backs hang loose, being fastened at the back with buttons and buttonholes, a sash or stray may be used to finish the back. A rolling collar is the only trimming. To finish in a more elaborate design, herringbone or insertion can be used as one desires. The sleeves are in bishop style and finished with a straight cuff.

The pattern is cut in five sizes, 3, 4, 5, 6, and seven years.

It requires for medium size 3½ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 2¾ yards of 36 inch, with four buttons for closing.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness Block,' Montreal.

Religious Notes.

The Bible Society's agent at Bagdad reports that in the last consignment of English Bibles which he received there, all the maps had been torn out which referred in any way to Armenia. The dragoman of the British Consulate at Bagdad explained that the name of Armenia on a map is forbidden in Turkey.

One of the leaders in the great reaction toward Western education and Western institutions in 'the new China' is Chang Chih-hung, who has ordered that the New Testament be introduced into all the schools of the Hupoh and Hunan Provinces, over which he rules. The decree states that the permanence and high quality of Chinese civilization are due to the fact that the Confucian classics have been taught in China for over 2,000 years. The Viceroy admits, however, that Western nations have some power which the Chinese do not possess. He is sure that this is not due to any superiority of the Westerners over the Chinese, but to the fact that the Western nations have in their possession certain teachings which the Chinese have not yet mastered. He thinks this superiority is due to the Bible, and in order to make the Chinese not only equal but superior to their Western competitors he orders the New Testament taught, alongside the Confucian classics, among the 58,000,000 people over whom he rules.

The relation of pauperism to intemperance seems very plain to the people of Japan. In Great Britain there are 1,100,000 paupers, and Japan has only 25,000. When someone expressed surprise at the great disparity and wondered why in Japan there is so small an element of pauperism in proportion to population, the reply of a Japanese statesman was: 'That is because while the Japanese drink tea the British people drink alcohol.'

Known to comparatively few, but widely effective, is the work begun some seventeen years ago for the wretched class of child widows in India by the Pundita Ramabai. 'The Sharada Sadan, her original home for high-caste Hindu girls, is the nucleus of the present populous school village of Mukti, sheltering, teaching, and training in domestic industries some fifteen hundred child widows. Visitors are attracted to it from all parts of India, and from beyond. From it go out many trained women into various kinds of benevolent work. A thoroughly Christian institution, it is peculiar in this, that no effort is made to gain proselytes from Hinduism to Christianity. Some of Rambabai's pupils, remaining with her as teachers, still adhere to Hinduism. But the influence of her remarkable personality pervades the whole school community with the spirit and power of vital Christianity. Four homes for child widows in different parts of India have been opened by Ramabai, with women trained by her at the head of each, and a boys' school and orphanage have been added to her settlement at Mukti. Her own daughter, Manoramabai, has taken her place as principal of the Sharada Sadan. While Ramabai is the most learned woman of her race, as her possession, alone of all the women of India, of the title Pundita intimates, she is equally remarkable for her organizing and executive ability. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, speaks of her as a 'statesmanlike servant of God,' and as 'one of the great personages of her generation.' Dr. Hall, who is about to revisit India for the continuation of his lectures there, is President of the American Ramabai Association, organized in 1899 to sustain the work whose possibilities grow more apparent. Its treasurer is Mr. Curtis Chipman, 222 Boylston street, Boston.—The 'Outlook.'

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'